PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-40

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 12 • No. 10 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 8, 1940 FIVE CENTS

NOW THEY SHOOT GOLF BALLS AT US ON THE BEACH

About a year ago the city council stopped the ardent poloists who had put into practice the smart idea of practicing on the beach. Now come some golf enthusiasts who have decided the wide stretch of sand is just ducky for perfecting shots. For people who want to use the beach properly eternal vigilance is the price of peace of mind and safety of body.

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DID YOU SEE THE CUTE THING IN THE CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS?

We've told you over and over again about how interesting THE CYMBAL'S classified ads are. Now, for instance, take last week. Under the classification "Real Estate Wanted" was this: "Wanted—Jolly person, good cook, to stay with 10-year-old boy occasionally for two or three days. Call 454." Cute, eh? And then to add to the gaiety of nations, there appeared under the classification "Help Wanted" this: "Wanted—Desirable lot for modest home. State price, location and area. Tel. 52-J." Also cute, eh? This week we'll change those ads around—putting them, possibly, where they belong—but there'll probably be something else exciting in the classified section to make up for it.

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WE REGRET THAT ED EWIG WON'T BE A CANDIDATE

We are sincerely sorry that Ed Ewig has made what he calls an irrevocable decision not to be a candidate for the council at the coming municipal election. In the face of historical records of our differences of opinion we like Ed Ewig and believe that he is fundamentally sound as regards the future of this city wherein it affects the welfare of the people at large. As time goes on and we know him longer, less and less do we feel that he is to be classed in with the commercial interests which, despite all their protestations to the contrary, are more intent on furthering their personal and private interests than they are the interests of the community. Ed Ewig served the people well on the school board. We feel that he would serve the city well on the city council. What opinions and convictions he has, he states when the necessity arises. He doesn't say one thing and practice another. The sincerity and straightforwardness of a man such as Ed Ewig are valuable assets on any legislative body. He is a business man, and as such, he should, we believe, have no influence in the conduct of municipal affairs in a non-commercial community such as is Carmel, but as Ed Ewig and a human being of forcefulness and integrity he would be a valuable member of the Carmel city council. We regret that he has decided not to serve.

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OUR NEW POST OFFICE POSSIBILITIES WANE ON ACCOUNT OF SQUABBLES

Chances of a new post office building in Carmel or any change in the location of the post office, appear today to be as nebulous as they have ever been even though it is reported that the federal government is in a mood to do something about it.

It is what to do about it that has

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COUNCIL MOVES TO CREATE NEW BUSINESS ZONE INSIDE PRESENT INDUSTRY AREA

A new and stringent zoning ordinance was given first reading Wednesday night by the city council and will be passed to print at a meeting called especially for the purpose next Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

This new ordinance, while it is equipped with lots of teeth—and sharp ones—in its regulation of kinds of businesses permissible in what is known as Commercial District 1 and the nature and use of structures in Residential-1, does NOT provide for the so-called Residential-2, otherwise known as the proposed buffer strip around the present business district. This buffer zone idea, vigorously opposed by business interests at the council meeting two weeks ago, will be further studied and probably submitted to the people for their decision in November.

The new ordinance does provide for what will be known as Commercial-2, a four-block section in the extreme north-east corner of the present business district embracing the four blocks bounded by Fifth, Third, Mission and Torres streets.

Within this zone will be permitted certain businesses and industries now permitted but to be banned in C-1 by the provisions of this new law. Such businesses include gasoline service stations, lumber yards, wood yards, planing mills, laundries, etc. In other words, you may establish a service station henceforth in Carmel, or a lumber yard or a laundry, but you will have to put it in the area covered by those four blocks. You will not be able to establish it in any other part of the business district.

The new law does not set forth all that may be done in the manner of business in C-2, but it does set forth specifically what businesses are not permissible in C-1, or the major part of the business district, and it does set forth what businesses are not permissible in Carmel at

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Council Candidates Waiting Until Last Minute; None Has Filed; Mawdsley for Clerk

School Board To Probe Cause of Bad Acoustics

Something is to be done about the terrible acoustics of the Sunset Auditorium. The trustees of the Carmel School district at their meeting Tuesday afternoon voted to make a survey to determine what would be required to make it possible for sound from the stage to go into the ears of the audience instead of everywhere else.

Tentative figures for policies on the now-building high school plant were submitted to the board of trustees by two insurance groups. The General Insurance Company, represented by Ernest Morehouse, quoted a five-year policy at the rate of $1.05 valuation if the school has Carmel fire protection and $1.70 without such protection. These figures were based on an 80 per cent of an arbitrary $100,000 valuation.

The Hartford Company figures, presented by Jack Schroeder for the Carmel Association of Insurance Agents, were $1.21½ with Carmel fire protection and $2.71½ without it. These were based on a 90 per cent coverage on $100,000 valuation.

The quotations were taken under advisement by the board.

O. W. Bardarson, superintendent of the district, notified the board that there had been about 100 applications for six new teaching positions required for the new high school. The board instructed the superintendent to narrow these down to three for each position and these applicants would then be personally interviewed by the trustees.

SAIDEE VAN BROWER IS RUNNING FOR RE-ELECTION; TWO-TERM AND FOUR-TERM SITUATION BELIEVED HOLDING ASPIRANTS BACK

The municipal political situation has assumed fantastic shape.

There has never been anything like it before.

In all probability the jam on the city hall stairs and in the hallway outside the city clerk's office tomorrow morning about 11:45 o'clock will be terrific.

And yet: up to 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon there had been no great and mysterious number of nomination papers taken out of the city clerk's office and only two candidates had filed their papers. They are Ira D. Taylor, incumbent city treasurer, seeking re-election, and Peter Mawdsley, who has been drafted by a group of citizens to run for city clerk.

Open and avowed candidates for the council, but who have not filed as yet are P. A. McCreery and W. K. Bassett. Councilman Bernard Rowntree will probably file, and Councilman Hazel Watrous said at the council meeting Wednesday night that she had not made up her mind. Councilman Clara Kellogg has said that she will not run.

Others spoken of as possible candidates are Fred Godwin, E. H. Ewig, John Catlin, Keith Evans and E. L. Taylor. Of these Godwin and Ewig declared Thursday that they would not run. The most likely of this prospective bunch are Evans and Taylor.

The nomination paper taken out of the clerk's office by Major G. H. Totten, U.S.A., retired, was presumably for McCreery. What Brigadier General D. W. Hand is doing with the two he has couldn't be learned by us yesterday. Another paper out is that in the hands of F. L. Butterfield, and he quite vigorously told us over the telephone yesterday that he didn't care to say whom it was for.

Another paper was taken out Wednesday, but the city clerk refuses to divulge the identity of the man getting it. The city clerk herself has taken out a paper and announced yesterday that she is a candidate to succeed herself. She issued the following statement:

"To the citizens of Carmel-by-the-Sea: Having served the taxpayers for 20 consecutive years, I hereby announce my candidacy and stand on my record for the forthcoming term."

In a statement acceding to the request of the signers of his nomination papers Mawdsley said:

"When I was asked, last Friday, to accept a nomination for the office of City Clerk, I was told by telephone that the nomination was complete except for my signature.

"I had had several telephone calls and personal visits urging me to run, and consider the list of nominators about as representative of the entire community as it is possible to imagine. I discussed it with Miss Van Brower and told her that from the names of the nominators and

(Continued on Page Two)

Lorita Vallely Will Lecture Today At Del Monte

Lorita Baker Vallely lectures at Del Monte this afternoon, the fifth in her series on World Affairs and Current Literature. The affair, held in the auditorium, begins at 3 p.m., and tea is served afterwards in the lounge. Kit Whitman is sponsoring these lectures, as you know.

Mrs. Vallely, in her brilliant discussion of the national and international arena, will take up the possible outcome of the present questioning attitude of people, not only in America, but in all parts of the world. With theories and "isms" failing, writers and thinkers, she will point out, are all sensing a desire for new valuations, a new social order worked out on scientific lines and with spiritual values emphasized.

Mrs. Vallely will also review recent new dissensions in Labor's ranks with a questioning light thrown on its philosophy.

In addition to her review of current literature, Mrs. Vallely will review Saroyan's play, "The Time of Your Life." She will not review Mrs. Anne Fisher's new book on the history of the Boronda family at the present time, as she knows nothing of it, but will consider it later if it works happily into her program.

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STANFORD PROFESSOR TO TALK TO LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

The League of Women Voters has obtained Dr. Theodore Boggs, professor of economics at Stanford University, to conduct the discussion on "Reciprocal Trade Agreements" at its luncheon meeting at Hotel San Carlos Wednesday, March 27.

Other March events include the Government and Foreign Policy Study Group at Miss Lydia Weld's next Monday; the all-day session and board meeting at the Carmel Valley home of Miss Orre Haseltine Wednesday, Mar 13; the World Affairs Study Group at the home of Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff Monday, Mar. 18, and the Child Welfare Study Group at the home of Judge Mary Bartelme Wednesday, Mar. 20.

Carmel's Annual Kite Festival Big Event Of Tomorrow on Hatton Fields Mesa

Carmel's Annual Kite Festival is tomorrow!

The parade, with the boys and girls and their kites in the line, starts from Sunset School at 1:15 o'clock in the afternoon and after marching through the business district proceeds to Hatton Fields Mesa, opposite Carmel Mission, to stage the traditional and colorful event first conceived and executed by the Rev. Willis G. White. Ernest R. Calley, shop instructor at Sunset and Carmel Junior High schools, is in charge this year.

There will be five contests: for the best-made kite, the prettiest kite (for girls only), the oddest kite (for boys), the highest-flying kite, and the 200-foot flight contest.

Judges for the contests are:

Best-made kite—Capt. Shelburn Robison, Clifford O. Squier, Major Ralph A. Coote.

Prettiest kite—The Rev. Carel J. Hulsewé, Mrs. Helen Warren.

Oddest kite—The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, Dr. Grant Phillips.

Highest-flying kite—William M. O'Donnell, Archibald MacPhail, W. K. Bassett.

200-foot flight contest—Bernard Rowntree, L. M. Pollard.

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BALLOON SQUADRON BOYS GET RUBBER COW BACK

The aching void in the breasts of all members of the Third Balloon Squadron, stationed temporarily at Monterey Airport, was due to the loss of *Tessie*, the rubber cow* who lost her tail in the recent wind storm. However, *Tessie* has been replaced by a buxom lass named *Bessie*, so all is well again, and the Third can continue their observations of the life and habits of the residents of Carmel from the air unhampered. (*That's the blimp.)

the government stymied. The eleventh assistant postmaster general, or whoever it is that is the first contact man in the department at Washington for this sort of thing, has written a frantic letter in answer to an inquiry from Congressman Jack Anderson telling the representative from this district that until factions in Carmel can be brought together in a unanimity of sentiment about where Carmel wants the post office there is nothing that can be done by the only powers that can do it.

We are given to understand that the post office department is being bombarded by appeals from business property owners in close proximity to the proposed site offered by Carl Burrows at Seventh and Lincoln streets on the one hand, and by property owners just as vitally interested in the offer of M. J. Murphy, Inc., to construct a post office building at Seventh and Mission streets.

Both Burrows and Murphy have made bids to the government at rental figures far below what should be the income on the investment in either case. The balance, making up a required return on the money invested, is to be supplied by the property owners and the merchant-tenants of same in each of the two contending districts.

It isn't what you'd call a pretty picture, as far as the interests of the community are concerned, but from a commercial point of view it is plainly understandable. The Lincoln street site supporters, in order to draw the proverbial pink mackerel across the trail, can give you all the arguments in the world against the Mission street site, and the Mission street site proponents, dragging a dead fish of the same species, give you just as many against the Lincoln street proposition.

Two of the arguments are well worth noting.

We get one from Arch MacPhail who, as regards the location of his office and his tenure of residence in the city, is about the most disinterested person we can imagine. It is that should the post office move from the corner of Ocean and Mission one block south to Seventh and Mission there would be no vital change in business property values or business rental values in the city, while if it moved to Seventh and Lincoln there would be. And such upheavals are not to the best community interests.

On the other hand we have the contention of Bert Heron, Lincoln street business property owner, but famous for his unselfish candor, that should the Seventh and Mission streets site be chosen, the automobile parking situation in the neighborhood would be deplorable—what with the close proximity of the theater and the innumerable driveways in and out of the Murphy lumber yards on both sides of the Mission street block between Seventh and Ocean avenue.

But the quite unfortunate fact remains that we will have no new post office building as long as these two factions are battling each other and the length of that long has an interminable aspect.

—W. K. B.

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GENEVIEVE BUTTERFIELD READS "SNOW WHITE" AT PINE INN TOMORROW

Don't forget that tomorrow night is the night Genevieve Butterfield reads "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" at Pine Inn. David Marrs will do the incidental music which accompanies this play. Miss Florence Harper has arranged the special dinner which precedes the reading.

Council Aspirants Delay Filing

(Continued from Page One)

the other requests made to me it was evident that there was a considerable movement to nominate me. I had twice previously declined to run against Miss Van Brower and would not voluntarily seek election against her, and have so told her, but this is such a widely expressed request to run that I have acceded to it.

"In accepting the nomination I do so in recognition of a public demand rather than a voluntary intent to oppose Miss Van Brower, and am prompted by the thought that I would not be justified in ignoring an expressed wish of the people. I believe the attitude of public officials should be impersonal and governed by the wishes of the people. That, to me, is of the essence of democratic government."

Signers on the Mawdsley nomination papers are Tom Douglass, Edwin H. Ewig, Frederick M. Godwin, Mary V. Hathaway, Col. C. G. Lawrence, Helen Levinson, Vera Peck Millis, Emma E. Rendtorff, Everett Smith and E. A. H. Watson.

Ira Taylor's nomination papers were signed by John E. Abernethy, E. H. Ewig, Harry E. Farley, Dr. John R. Gray, John B. Jordan, John L. Schroeder, Robert P. Spencer, Lloyd E. Weer, James T. Williams.

What apparently accounts for the delay in the rush to the city clerk's office is the unusual situation this year which requires that council candidates file for either a short term of two years, for vacancies now filled by appointees, or a long term of four years. There are two of each of these. Prospective candidates are apparently holding back in the hope of being able to pick the candidates they would run against, or with.

However, tomorrow, at noon, is the last day and hour.

There may be a rush. We have a feeling there will be.

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COMMUNITY AUXILIARY PLANS FOR SILVER TEA

The Women's Auxiliary of Carmel Community Church is planning a Silver Tea Thursday, Mar. 14, between 3 o'clock and 5 o'clock, in the downstairs social rooms of the church. All departments will be open for inspection that day and the proceeds of the tea will help to furnish the new kitchen. Mrs. Etta Paul is the chairman in charge, Mrs. Everett Smith is in charge of the refreshments, and Mrs. William Hamilton is head of the reception committee. Those pouring will be Mrs. Alfred Matthews, Miss Helen Pierce and Mrs. W. H. Lehman.

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Dr. and Mrs. Marshall L. Carter are back after three weeks of travel in Mexico. On their way back they stopped in Los Angeles for a visit with Mrs. Carter, Sr., and went on to Santa Barbara to visit with George and Anne Hopps at San Ysidro Ranch.

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The Cymbal carries Carmel's atmosphere anywhere in the United States for $1 a Year.

Lynda Sargent Writes of Tradition and "Streets of New York" at First Theater Next Week-End, March 15, 16, 17

I vow the ocean was not there outside the window as could have been asserted, nor the person of George Marion sitting opposite as might have been evident to some. But *Badger*, suave conniving clerk to villainous *Gideon Bloodgood*; *Alida*, proud haughty (and slightly bitching) child of *Gid's* misdirected old heart; sweet *Lucy Fairweather* (to your unworthy feet, men, at the pure thought of her); and then *Gideon* himself, pity, pity for a not-altogether villainous villain in whose petrified aorta is discovered finally a crumb (though not much shakes as a nugget) of dear gold.

As a matter of fact, it was in Mr. Marion's house on Carmelo street and I had confessed to him my reprehensible ignorance of "The Streets of New York" which is the next piece to be melodramatically served up by the Denny-Watrous management at the First Theater in Monterey. So what did that wonderful man do but play it for me then and there, riches to poverty and all the tortuous way back again; villainy to purity with a single facial flicker or twist of the wrist, 1940 back again to 1857. I swear he had no difficulty in looking like Connie Bell, that husband-buying, unbudget-minded hussy, *Alida*, and very little less in making himself up as Jessie Joan Brown, our own little *Lucy Fairweather*. As for *Gideon Bloodgood*, that Wall Street so-and-so, all Mr. Marion had to do was tuck up his waistcoat a bit, pull down a jowl and there was Richard Whitney to the life, being fitted for a de luxe cell.

Nor do I mean to make light of what should be a serious business. For, as Mr. Marion said, travesty *is* serious and difficult to do and the audience should never for a moment know that you suspect yourself of it. "It's a howling melodrama," he said, "and so must be played straight and seriously. It has some great parts . . . all types, to be true, but none the less valid and theatrically portentous for all that. Take Badger now . . . a really great part . . . the *elegance*, the suavity . . ." and with upturned palms, a lapse into French for *elegance* and a smile made of brown sugar and butter melted together, there he is; there is the *Badger* of the true melodrama of the fifties; there are the great actors who have played the part, Frank Mayer, J. K. Mortimer and—a fact Mr. Marion neglected to mention—George Marion, too.

"The great artists of the melodrama had quintessence of grace, of *savoir faire* . . . they played Badger as light as a feather . . . with utmost sincerity . . . with superb finesse . . . with, above all, a love for the play."

And *Badger* looked out at the high water on Carmel Beach and sighed . . . for a century, perhaps, before realism had got its dirty paws on the footlights!

It's a timely piece, too, he said. The crash of 1857. Fortunes falling like tons o' bricks—gold bricks —all over the place. Villainy, that earlier synonym for racketeering, and poverty, whose synonyms are manifold. Extreme poverty is hard to act, Mr. Marion said, because we don't know what it is. (Couldn't you go to Ghandi for the next two weeks, Jessie Joan? Connie says you're a perfect *Lucy*, but you *look* so well-fed, my child! Fie, I saw you eating *candy* on Ocean avenue yesterday.)

I think it's the best play they've done yet, and at the end are wedding bells and frosted cake.

A pox on Finland and the Third Term and ration cards creeping stealthily over the face of the earth. For just a moment, let's gather up our skirts, what's left of them, and fly this overtragic world. I felt, that afternoon in Mr. Marion's room, the charm of the theater, the audience, the age, for which this play was created. And when, courteously bowing and saying nice things about Billy Shepard, Mr. Marion saw me to the gate, I could easily have been standing at the door of Wallack's Theatre on the gaslighted Broadway of 1857, hailing a hansom cab after the play.

Following are the cast and personnel of "The Streets of New York":

Alida Bloodgood, Connie Bell; *Mark Livingstone*, Lee Crowe; *Lucy Fairweather*, Jessie Joan Brown; *Mrs. Fairweather*, Wilma Bott; *Capt. Fairweather*, George Smith; *Gideon Bloodgood*, Jack Lancaster; *Paul Fairweather*, John Good; *Badger*, Bob Bratt; *Puffy*, Milton Latham, *Mrs. Puffy*, Theadora Winter; *Dan Puffy*, Eddie George; *Edwards*, Carl Bensberg; *Duke of Calcavella*, Lloyd Tevis; *Flower Girl*, Carol Joyce Hildebrand.

The Olio Master of Ceremonies, Spud Gray.

At the piano, Evelyn Nidever Hildebrand.

The play is directed by Billy Shepard. The sets are by Franklin Dixon and the costumes by Rhoda Johnson.

—Lynda Sargent

DEMOCRATIC WOMEN URGE YOU TO LISTEN TO SPEECH BY ROOSEVELT TONIGHT

President Roosevelt is making a special broadcast tonight from 7 o'clock until 8 o'clock in response to requests from farm organizations in various parts of the nation.

The broadcast marks the celebration of the seventh anniversary of American agriculture under the New Deal program. The President will outline the farm administration's progress and will urge Congressional support for appropriations to continue the program.

This will be of particular interest to California fruit farmers whose markets have been cut off by European wars. Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, chairman of the Monterey County Women's Democratic club, urges that all good citizens listen in. It will be broadcast over all major stations.

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FLOWER ARRANGEMENT CLASS CHANGES MEETING TIME

To allow a little more time for a number of students who are coming from other Peninsula cities, and as far away as Salinas, Mrs. Helen E. Poulsen announces that her class in flower arrangement will meet at 7:15 p.m. in the lunch room at Sunset school Thursday evenings.

Next week this class will study radiation. Attention will be given to form and habits of growth of plants and leaves. Because so many calla lilies are available this year, a part of the evening will be devoted to them.

BLUE BIRD TEA ROOM

Breakfast • Luncheon
Tea • Dinner

OCEAN AVENUE
Near Lincoln

GENEVIEVE BUTTERFIELD
Reader of Plays
IN
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
DAVID MARRS, ACCOMPANIST
Saturday, March 9, 8:30 p.m.
PINE INN
Tickets, 55c inc. tax at Spud's and Pine Inn
MANAGEMENT FLORENCE HARPER

DENNY-WATROUS MANAGEMENT
presents
Troupers of the Gold Coast in
The Streets of New York
Hilarious Olio, Spud Gray, M.C.
FRI, SAT, SUN, MARCH 15, 16, 17 at 8:45 p.m.
FIRST THEATER IN CALIFORNIA, MONTEREY
Tickets: $1.10 and 50 cents
On Sale at Spud's Information Service, Carmel

Flowers
for
Easter

Beverly's
House o'Flowers

CARMEL THEATRE BUILDING
Telephone 374

Council Provides for Library Bond Election; High School Plant To Be Given Carmel Fire Protection

A proposed bond issue for $4500 for extensions and improvements to the building and grounds of the Carmel Public Library will go on the ballot at the municipal election April 9.

In order to accede to the request of the library board of trustees in the matter, the council held a special meeting yesterday afternoon to give first reading of the ordinance so providing. The second reading and passage will be done next Wednesday afternoon. At Wednesday's meeting this week a resolution of intention was passed, but the law prevents action on a necessary ordinance at the same meeting so it was necessary to hold the special session yesterday.

The $4500, if voted by the people, will be added to the Kluegel fund of $1500 now in the library board's possession and the $6,000 total will build an extension on the south side of the library building for additional stack room and construct a sidewalk and retaining wall along the property on the Sixth street side.

Trustees of the Carmel Unified School district appeared before the council and requested fire protection for the new high school plant, now in course of construction on the site across the San Simeon highway at the head of Ocean avenue. The trustees offered to pay the city $50 a year whether or not the service of the department was required. Councilman Everett Smith contended that the high school site should pay its pro rata of the tax cost of maintaining the fire department as to be determined by assessed valuation of the high school plant and property. A committee including Peter Mawdsley, chairman of the school board, and Councilmen Clara Kellogg and Bernard Rowntree, was appointed to determine what this amount would be. Mayor Herbert Heron expressed the hope of the council that the "tax" against the school plant for this service would be less than $50 a year.

A communication from the Carmel Business Association expressed the approval of the organization of the council's opposition to the granting of any more liquor licenses in Carmel.

Councilman Rowntree, commissioner of fire, called the council's attention to the fact that in June Robert G. Leidig, chief of the fire department, would round out 25 years of service with the department. He said that the city probably couldn't do it, but that it would like to see a group of citizens or the newspapers start a subscription for a fund to be presented to Chief Bob in appreciation of his service.

"He'll spend it for something for the fire department," said Rowntree. "He's always wanting something for the department he can't get but which it needs. It's impossible for me to give you any idea of the amount of work he does in his service to the city, and with no pay. I believe this would be a fine way to express a little of our appreciation."

(If you would like to write out a little check to Bob Leidig and send it in to THE CYMBAL, we'll turn it over to him. We think Rowntree is right.—Ed.)

B. W. Adams, building inspector, wants a Board of Examiners and Appeals created to pass on building construction in the city. He says other cities have such a board. Specifications as to its personnel brought the council up rather short. There should be five members, Adams said, an architect, a builder, a lawyer and two structural engineers. Anyway, the council is going to give it an extended thought.

Guy Koepp, architect, asked the council for a modification of the building restrictions in regard to the use of glass brick. He wants to use it in the east wall of the Sixth street extension he is designing for the Goold building at Ocean and San Carlos. It appears that the fire station wall to the east is set back from the property line so that there be a distance of 12 feet between the walls of the two structures. For this reason Koepp asked that he be allowed to use windows of glass brick which has not been given the one-hour fire resistance rating required in walls facing other buildings. The council granted the special concession with the provision that if and when the fire station was moved to the property line Mrs. Mary Goold would reconstruct her wall and windows to comply with the requirement. Koepp expects to have the builder on the extension job by the first of the week.

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Community Church Re-Dedicates New Edifice

Last Sunday afternoon Dr. Wilber W. McKee, pastor of Carmel Community Church, rested his hand on the pulpit in his church and to a congregation which packed the church auditorium to the doors and overflowed onto the sidewalk outside he said:

"I have been told that this new pulpit is worth $200. Now wouldn't it be a great pity for a minister to stand behind this $200 pulpit and preach a ten-cent sermon?"

He waited until what might be called audible smiles subsided.

"And wouldn't it be a great pity," he continued, "for people to sit on Sunday in these pews before me, beneath the inspiration of the beautiful panels on these walls, and then go out and lead shoddy lives the rest of the week?"

The smiles were not so audible.

"There may be a challenge to the minister," Dr. McKee said, "In the atmosphere and environment of this beautiful new church, but there is a challenge also to the congregation."

Dr. McKee thus sounded the keynote of the re-dedication services in the reconstructed and redecorated Community Church. It was an inspiring service and the community at large appeared to have decided to take part in it. The enlarged auditorium was more than filled—many stood in the rear and in the Lincoln street doorway.

Six Christian ministers assisted Dr. McKee in the service.

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HARRY C. DURFEE DIES AT CARMEL HOME

Harry C. Durfee died suddenly at his San Antonio street home Wednesday morning of an acute heart attack. He was born in Kankakee, Ill., was sales manager for Maurice Rothschild, Clothiers, in Chicago for many years, and had lived in Carmel for the past seven years. He leaves his wife, Mrs. Josephine Durfee, who is a sister of Mrs. George Marion of Carmel. Funeral services will be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon at the T. A. Dorney funeral home in Monterey.

Girl Scouts Celebrate 28th Birthday Next Tuesday, March 12

Lawrence Wilbur, noted illustrator, gives his conception of the American girls who typify Girl Scouting. The above illustration, now being used on the Girl Scout membership cards, shows, from upper left: a Brownie, one of the seven-to-ten-year-olds, a Senior Girl Scout, one of the 14-to-18-year-olds, a Mariner, member of the seafaring program for Senior girls, and a Girl Scout, from the ten-to-14-year-old group.

The Girl Scouts will be 28 years old Tuesday, Mar. 12. The celebration on the Monterey Peninsula is confined to a dinner that night at the Monterey Girl Scout House for the leaders and for Miss Margaret Manning, the regional director.

The movement began in 1912 when Juliette Gordon Low returned to America from England. She was familiar and deeply interested in the Boy Scout movement of her English friend, Lord Baden-Powell, and believed a similar program could be adapted from it for girls. She had been ill and was quite deaf, but she believed she had a great gift to bestow upon American girls.

At that time there wasn't much for a young girl to do beyond sewing, tennis and tea parties. Consciousness of citizenship was left to be developed from lifeless text books. The Girl Scout movement helped change all this. Juliette Low believed that girls wanted to take an active part in their country's government and she believed they needed to be trained within the limits of their own understanding for the responsibilities that belong to those who live in a democracy.

So, the very first Girl Scouts, as are those of today, were taught to be aware of the needs of their communities, their states and their country. The original handbook published in 1913 was called "How Girls Can Help Their Country."

During its lifetime the Girl Scout movement has served two million girls and now has an active membership of more than 572,000.

"A DAY IN A THOUSAND" IS DR. McKEE'S TOPIC

"A Day in a Thousand" is the title of Dr. Wilber W. McKee's sermon for Sunday, Mar. 10. Miss Jewel Brookshier will be at the organ console during the 11 o'clock service.

The Church School meets at 9:45 a.m. with Howard Timbers in charge. The Minister's Bible class meets at 10 a.m.

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The Cymbal is $1 a Year.

BIG SUR INHABITANTS FORCE WAY OUT TO OBTAIN FOOD

Mr. and Mrs. John McLeod Bloom, whose beautiful home *Las Rocas* is about eight miles below Big Sur Lodge, are eating again. There was a time last week when it looked as though they would have to subsist on what fish they could catch hundreds of feet down below their patio. Then, on Monday of this week, the gangs of the state highway department made it possible, but just barely possible, for them to maneuver their station wagon to Carmel and its marts of trade—principally food trade. The Blooms told us that there are five major slides between their home and Carmel and they estimate that it will cost in the neighborhood of $50,000 to clear even that portion of the coast highway for traffic.

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

An interesting newcomer to The Point is young *Quatro* Derby, the good-looking little wire-haired terrier belonging to Stephen Haskett Derby. *Quatro* was so named, whimsically enough, because he has four legs. He has been having a fine time, walking on the beach with his master, digging in the sand for things, and chasing the low-flying birds.

This gay, young blade thinks Carmel is a wonderful place in which to have a good time. A young fellow with *Quatro's* looks, pep and enthusiasm should have no trouble at all getting along.

+

A very fine fellow is *Charlemagne* von Hesse, the dashing dachshund who arrived in Carmel on New Year's Day to make his home here with Hazel and Muriel von Hesse.

Charlie, as he is affectionately called, is still more or less of a stranger in the village. The only people he knows are *Duke* Walters and *Alf* Blanding, and then he only has a growling acquaintance with *Alf*. So he would like very much to meet some of the gay younger set. *Charlie* would be delighted to have any, or all, of them call, and he offers as further inducement, his red ball with the squeak, his large, slightly mutilated rubber rat, his little mouse, also rubber and slightly mutilated, and his wonderful collection of pine cones.

+

One of the handsomest and most distinguished looking gentlemen in these here parts is *Garth* Andrews, the tall, rangy Irish Wolfhound, who lives up Carmel Valley with his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrews.

Like most big fellows, *Garth* is as gentle as a lamb. His constant companions and playfellows are the 12 little Cairn Terriers belonging to Mrs. Andrews. It is quite a sight to see them all playing together. It looks like "Gulliver" and the "Lilliputians."

Whenever *Garth* comes into the village he sets feminine hearts wildly aflutter, and no wonder, for the gentleman has charm—in a big way.

+

There is a flurry of excitement among the veddy social "Dog Show" set as last minute preparations are being made to attend the Oakland show Saturday and Sunday. Among the local beaux and belles who plan to attend are:

Gwen Kingsland, the protégé of Marian Kingsland, who is making her debut in this show.

Simonetta and *Gogetta* Simonds, handsome Boxers belonging to Frank Simonds.

Nightraider Gentry, Lindsay Gentry's champion Cocker.

Bramble and *Pepper* Andrews, the perky little Cairn Terriers belonging to Mrs. Frank Andrews, who hope to be champions, too, before very long.

Such a striking array of beauty and talent should carry off a goodly share of the honors.

Here's luck!

WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

GRAHAM AND STEVENSON

Elwood Graham and Barbara Stevenson want to go to the swamps along the Missouri near St. Louis this summer and paint. This section of the country, well known to both of them, for they got their early art training in St. Louis, is peopled by small farmers whose type has remained unchanged for generations. They lead simple, close-to-earth lives, and Barbara wants to paint them. Elwood will paint the surrounding landscape. They'll bring back at least 40 canvases between them.

They are going to ask a few of the people who like their work to advance them $25 in order to raise money for this trip. When they return in the fall, each sponsor will be able to take his choice of a picture. Which sounds like a sporting proposition indeed. The pictures will be exhibited somewhere—perhaps at the Carmel Art Gallery.

The plan so far is to drive to the swamps in their station wagon and then hire either a houseboat or a raft and spend the entire summer drifting around the swamps. Both Barbara and Elwood feel they must get away, that they've painted here as much as they are able to paint without getting a fresh approach.

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FLORENCE LOCKWOOD, PORTRAITIST

Eight years ago Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spear Lockwood and their daughter came to live in Carmel. Charles, one of those grandly gregarious souls, immediately made hosts of friends and became known to them all as "Bro." Florence, his wife, opened a studio and began to do portraits in pastel, charcoal and oil.

They were in Carmel four years. During that time Florence was kept very busy. There must be, at the very least, 50 examples of her work hanging in various living rooms around the Monterey Peninsula. To mention a few, she did Mrs. Allen Griffin's sons, Arthur, Peter and Jonathan; she did the granddaughter of the C. Chapel Judsons, Sandra Sowell; Mr. and Mrs. Norman T. Reynolds, Betty and Margaret; Al and Vi Sparks; Major G. H. Totten; Mrs. Tirey Ford and her daughter; the two Monteagle girls, Mrs. Richard Smart who is Pat, and Mrs. Charles Miller, III, who is Jan. She did Mrs. Paul Winslow, Mrs. C. G. Lawrence and the Hearst twins. While she was doing them her studio over Tilly Polak's was always filled with friends who were welcome to drop in at any time. Florence isn't one of these artists who can't possibly work if anyone is watching. She keeps right on whether anyone is there or not. And something else she does—she smiles as she works. She just can't help it. It makes her so happy to be doing it. Whenever she got a new commission, her pals would give her about two hours and then dash up to the studio to see how it was coming. There was always a pot of coffee on the little electric plate and it was always casual, friendly and gay.

The Lockwoods left Carmel. "Bro" wasn't well and they went south. He died. It will be three years ago in June. Their daughter, Florence, wanted to study dramatics, so they decided she should go to the Edward Elsner School of the Little Theatre. Young Florence met her husband there and now the two of them, Robert and Florence Lockwood Cochran, have their own theater, The Cedo Players, in Laramie, Wyo., where they're putting on good old American mellerdrama. They'll be here in a couple of weeks, just for a visit.

But, to go back to our Florence, down in Los Angeles; her husband died, her only child had married and gone away, and she didn't really care whether school kept or not. That's when she met Finn Frolich. It was he who literally forced her to get back into painting again. They came up here on what started out to be a sketching trip, and have stayed ever since. It was Finn's idea that she paint some marines and then he'd take them up to San Francisco, where he is well known, and sell them for her. But her old portrait commissions began to come in. She shares Finn's studio over in a Pacific Grove camp, a practically impossible place to find, and certainly not the place for Florence if she's going to do portraits again.

For of course she is. She chucked the marines idea, for, after all, portraits are her forte, and she'll be at the Carmel Art Institute Friday afternoons and all day Saturdays and Sundays from now on. She'll work there Friday and Saturday. Sunday will be allocated to informal get-togethers and teas where old friendships will be renewed and new ones cemented.

The pastel of Constance Bennett, on display in the Seven Arts Court, is awful from a painter's standpoint, says Florence, but it does attract attention from casual passers-by. She has had representative pieces hung in the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel and the Knickerbocker in Los Angeles, and won third prize last October at the Los Angeles Museum. Her oil, "Cape Horner," of Finn with his concertina, hung in the Stendahl Galleries there.

So, here's to Florence Lockwood. Her return is one more link in that chain that is gradually building a Carmel in keeping with the size of its tradition.

—MARJORIE WARREN

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Baroness Nugent Death Mourned By Many

Death took another prominent and well-loved person from Carmel last week when Baroness Alice Younger Nugent De Delvin, known to so many of us here, but erroneously, as Baroness Nugent, died suddenly from a heart attack last Thursday afternoon at her home in Carmel Woods.

Baroness De Delvin was born in San Francisco in 1876, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger. When she was 14 years old she went to Europe with her parents and was educated in Paris, Switzerland, Vienna and Budapest. She was married in Vienna to Baron De Delvin of the Irish Earldom of Westmeath and the English Earldom of Southampton. During the World War she unconsciously stepped over the boundary between Switzerland and France and was arrested and taken to prison as a Hungarian spy. It required the influence of United States Senator James D. Phelan and others in San Francisco to free her.

Baroness De Delvin had lived in Carmel for almost 20 years and during that span of years she was a moving force in the lives of many young people whom she aided financially and morally. Her intensive education gave her a wide knowledge of languages and she could speak German, French and Hungarian as well as her native English.

Surviving her are a daughter, Mrs. Virginia Nugent Stowe, and step-mother, Mrs. William J. Younger, both of San Francisco.

Her death ends for John Catlin, former mayor of Carmel and one of its loved citizens, a friendship and companionship that continued beautifully over many years.

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Upwards of 7,800,000 people in the United States are wholly dependent upon highway transportation, reports the National Automobile Club, because they reside in communities not served by railroads.

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The Cymbal is $1 a Year.

ALLEN GRIFFIN TO TALK TO REPUBLICAN WOMEN

The Republican Women meet Monday evening at Pine Inn at 8 o'clock. Allen Griffin is to be their speaker but he hasn't announced his subject. Mrs. W. F. Gloeckner will preside over the preliminary business meeting.

The discussion group of the Republican Women's Club will meet at Pine Inn Friday, March 15, at 2:30 p.m.

+ + +

ARMIN HANSEN'S MOTHER ILL IN SAN FRANCISCO

Patricia Cunningham has been substituting for Armin Hansen at the Carmel Art Institute. Armin, whose mother is ill, is in San Francisco with her. Pat, who has that happy faculty of being able to toss this and that together on a model stand with no apparent mental or physical exertion and get something to sing about, has been doing just this all week and has had the best model yet to work with. Alice Butler is half Irish, half Filipino, and the unfortunate part of it is, Kit can only get her for one week.

+ + +

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Hotel San Carlos

CLANGING CYMBALS

HI, SISSY

Suddenly he had to get going. He couldn't stand it in that house another minute. Clutching the apple Kenneth's Aunt Allie had given him, he tore through the open doorway and beat it across the corral, sloshing driblets of manure from his heels as he ran. He could hear Kenneth streaking after him but try as he might he couldn't give voice to the shrieks and yippees usual in such spurts of energy. To tell the truth he felt more like busting right out crying and in an effort to stifle this humiliation he threw himself faceforward into the shallow mound of hay and met up with a floorboard so that he emerged with blood oozing from his nose. He felt proud to see it drip onto his apple when he bit in; felt Kenneth's approval of bloodiness.

This corner of the barn was their retreat from grown-ups; from reminders of empty woodboxes and hungry chickens; from Kenneth's Ma. Well, Ted reflected, she couldn't get at them today anyway. And in his swift hollow discomfort at the thought of her he scuffed up chaff and kicked it at the puny crippled calf standing on three legs in the corner.

Out of one eye he could see Kenneth rummaging about in his mind, trying to figure out how to say something. He could feel it coming and braced himself for it, for the rough voice, the inevitable taunt.

Kenneth said it: "Hi, sissy. I betcha yuh don't know how she got it. Not rightly. I *betcha* yuh don't."

Ted felt his face draw in like a turtle into its shell and hated himself. He and his folks hadn't been on the ranch up-canyon but a few months and he couldn't get used to Kenneth's rough ways, his prismatic vocabulary. He was fascinated, but he shrank from them, too. Sometimes he was rightout homesick for Nob Hill. This moment, for instance, he would cheerfuly have put on a white blouse and gone to that sissy dancing class he'd so despised. Anything to be away from here. He couldn't find any reply to what Kenneth had said and bit his apple viciously, smearing the back of his hand with blood from his nose in the hope of changing the subject; swallowing a lump of mad.

"Well," Kennth pursued, "jez, ain't that somethin' a city kid oughter know? About women, I mean. An' how they git 'em. Sure, I seen a ol' cow throw a calf. But how's a woman? Dodblang, that's somepin else again, I reckon. C'm on. You tell."

Ted felt himself redden all over. "Why don't you ask your Ma? Whadda you s'pose! It ain't my own baby brother, is it?"

Kenneth beat his fists and his laughter against a beam, roughly. "Hawhawhaw! You know what my Ma she said? She says it come down the tinspout. Sonabitch. She must think I'm pretty dumb."

Now they both set to thinking of the new baby. How red and wizzled-up it was and how Kenneth's Ma had got it. Remembering it, and the basin of sanguine-red water under the bed, the sickening noise of its sucking and the way its mouth was, Ted couldn't swallow his bite of apple and puked it out into the hay. Kenneth grinned and spat at the calf, but he was too small to spit that far and had to wipe it disgustedly from his chin.

"Sonabitch," he repeated. "Ma, she don't let on nothin', nohow."

"My mother would," Ted said promptly and proudly.

"Why'nt yuh ast yer Ma, then?" Kenneth slapped back greedily.

"Sure. I'd just's soon. Sure, I'd ask my mother *annerthing*."

Almost instantly a black cloud of doubt swam over him at the thought of putting such a question to his white and shining mother. He took her into his mind and put her up alongside Mrs. Bigham, Kenneth's ma. Then, withdrew her quickly. "I . . . . I guess I would."

"Huh, I betcha yuh don't dast ast her, sissy. Sissy . . . y, sisss . . . eeee." In that unbearable singsong. "Dodbust! My pa says efn yuh don't git over some o' them city ways yuh got you'll fetch up without a gut to yer name. An' pa, he says yuh gotta have more o' guts 'n annerthing else. Huh, yuh damwell ain't gotta gut to ast yer ma, smarty."

"I have, too, gotta g . . gut," shrieked Ted at the end of his endurance. He rose to his knees in the hay and doubled his fists at Kenneth expertly, as his father had taught him to do with the gloves on. He saw everything white and glaring and in the middle of it the place on Kenneth's jaw where his father had told him to land an uppercut. It grew bigger and awfuller. But Kenneth only grinned and pushed him backwards in the hay.

"Yuh don't dast ter hit me, shrimp. Why, I could take you by the scruff of the neck, like this, an' I could sling you right over the fence at that there fierce ol' bull out there and in a minit all's would be left outn you would be yer silly pink tukkus stickin' outn the mud, see? An' the ol' bull buttin' it."

Ted ground his teeth together so hard to keep from crying that the loose one crunched horridly. He put his hand to his mouth and brought away the tooth and some blood. This saved him from having to bawl and he held out the tooth triumphantly on his palm.

For a moment both boys gazed at it. Ted knew he had Kenneth stumped for the time being. It was the first tooth either of them had lost. Then Kenneth seized it furiously and flung it at the calf. It stuck in the mucky hair just where its tail began and it couldn't switch it off. Ted laughed at this, but Kenneth was mad that it wasn't his tooth and he rolled over and put his knees on Ted's stomach.

"Listen, bloodygut, you go right home and ast yer ma tonight, see? An' tomorrer mornin' I'll be waitin' for yuh up in the grove by the cattle-guard an' you come an' tell me, see? An' efn yuh don't . . . well, yuh jest wait an' see. Promise now. On yer honor. Promise on a bucket o' blood?"

Ted tried to get up, but Kenneth had him by the hair.

"S-sure. Sure, I promise. B-bucket o' blood, I promise."

"About women. I already seed a ol' cow drop a calf, so that's nothin'. But about women? Promise?"

Ted repeated his promise and rolled out from under facedownward into the slutch. He got to his feet and made off across the corral, a little blood still trickling down his chin. He raced past the house and up the trail towards home.

(The concluding part of this story will appear in next week's "Clanging Cymbals.")

—LYNDA SARGENT

PASSION SUNDAY TO BE OBSERVED AT ALL SAINTS'

Next Sunday is Passion Sunday and at All Saints' Church the Service of Holy Communion will be held at 8 a.m. A sermon message from the "Essentials in Christian Life and Thought" series, given during Lent, will be presented by the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé. The offertory will be *God So Loved the World* from Stainer's oratorio, "The Crucifixion," under the direction of Reu E. Manhire.

Evening Prayer will be held on Thursday at 4 p.m., and Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock there is a class on "The American Prayer Book."

RAINS CAUSE BAD SLIDE ON CARMEL HILL

What might be termed a major slide occurred on the Carmel Hill highway just below the Pebble Beach gate last Friday night and for four days the traffic was under a control system while gangs from the state highway department removed the rock, dirt and trees which virtually covered the three lanes of the four-lane road. It required the better part of a week to get the thing cleaned up, but all is smooth sailing over the hill now.

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On the open-ocean side of the Monterey Peninsula Everybody Reads The Cymbal.

SANITARY SUIT DRONES ON IN SALINAS COURT

Arguments pro and con on the preliminary injunction obtained by 30 Carmel property owners against issuance of bonds against their property by the Carmel Sanitary District were heard Tuesday in the superior court in Salinas. At their conclusion the Sanitary Board was granted 10 days to file a brief and the plaintiffs will then have 10 days to answer. Attorneys Argyll Campbell and Ralph O. Marron appeared for the plaintiffs and Ernest Wilson of San Mateo and Shelburn Robison of Carmel for the district board.

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- sailors

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- turquoise

Holman's

Millinery Department

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"The wittles is up!"

One cold morning of early February as I ploughed through the dirty mush of snow and mud on my way to grammar school I met Alice. She beamed at me and announced without preliminaries:

"We've named the new baby 'Dorothea'—for you!"

That, I'm sure, was the biggest thrill I'd had in the course of my 11 or 12 years of life. I was a proud girl. I had a namesake! All the rest of her life that baby girl would belong partly to me.

And the glow of that early honor has never wholly faded. I still cherish the feeling of being closely linked with the big family whose lavish hospitality and genuine friendship figure in countless happy memories of my life.

Alice was then the oldest of six children. My baby was the seventh, and following her came two more, making nine in all. Three had died.

I myself was the youngest of four, which I considered an insignificant number compared to the Cashman family. The free and easy atmosphere of the big house always fascinated me and I was flattered by the charming way Mother Cashman, a beautiful woman with a soft voice and sweet face, treated me. She invested me with dignity and importance, a person worthy of the same courtesy accorded to grown-ups. I never went to the house that I wasn't warmly welcomed by her and I can scarcely remember a time when I wasn't urged to partake of a meal with them or stay over night.

I could write plenty about food in this connection. There always seemed to be more than enough on hand, not only for the regular family of 11 but for the frequent guests who sat down at the long table with them. Once, on one of Dorothea's birthdays, there were 20 of us eating an elaborate dinner, which ended with helpings of ice cream and frosted cake huge enough to satisfy even my greedy little soul!

In those days the problems of planning and cooking meals meant nothing to me, but knowing a little more now, I often wonder how the older members of the family could have been so sweet-tempered and apparently unworried all the time. There was usually some help in the kitchen but it was generally casual and temporary and never sufficient to take care of all the work. I know that Alice and the other older girls helped bring up the babies and run the house and although they had no financial worries their life at home was hardly one of idle ease.

One of my prized possessions is my set of Cashman pictures which I love to show to interested friends. I begin with the sepia group taken in Thompson's old studio, a funny old-fashioned place with a faintly theatrical atmosphere bred by the painted backdrop, the stilted arch and the fancy gilt chairs and tables, the "props" in the carefully posed photographs.

This was the group taken when Catherine, the youngest, was still a chubby baby and sat on Alice's lap. Alice looks as serene and smiling as if she had not just dressed and herded the whole family into the place and seen that none of them got disarranged or dirty. I suppose Fanny and Pauline, the next in age, helped her. The children are all so clean and dressed up! Little Charles in a white linen Russian blouse suit with sandals and socks; Helen and Dorothea, sober-faced, in light, lace-ruffled dresses, patent leather button shoes with cloth tops and long white stockings; George, about ten years old, in a crash suit with Norfork jacket; and Elizabeth, in a highnecked white dress and two big hair ribbons on her braids.

They're all mixed up in this picture but wait till I show the next one! Here we have the whole row of nine in the order of their age, taken about two years later. Alice is standing up against a synthetic pillar of some sort, just the right height for her to rest an elbow on, and the others are trailing behind, each with a left hand on the shoulder of the one in front.

I know the names by heart—*Alice, Fanny, Pauline, Elizabeth, George, Helen, Dorothea, Charles* and *Catherine*.

Alice's skirt is down to her ankles, and even the stylish, long-waisted dresses of the three little girls reach below their knees. Fanny is the smiling one in this group, the others look pensive, though Charles has a glint of mischief in his little round face. Baby Catherine's hair has darkened now and her ribbon is almost as overwhelming as Helen's, and Dorothea's, whose hair has grown from a short Dutch cut down to their shoulders.

I wish I had some more groups to fill the gap between these early ones and the grown-up pictures. But time marched on, and all the lovely dark-haired girls with mouths that bowed in such sweet smiling curves turned into beautiful women and the two sturdy handsome little boys became men. So, to keep the change from being too abrupt, I bring out next a picture of "Woodlands," the big square white colonial house which once was crammed to the roof with this bunch of youngsters and now welcomes them all back for Christmas celebrations and family re-unions just as often as they can come and bring their families.

I remember so well when they moved into this house. Catherine was a tiny baby then so she has no memory of the old house down on the waterfront near Father Michael Cashman's coal yards where my namesake was born. That house, too, was in its day one of the lovely, dignified homes of the old New England city but the big family needed more room and a pleasanter environment for the children.

So they moved to the house at the other end of town, a house set in a big piece of ground with trees to climb and plenty of room for mobs of children to play without annoying the neighbors. Inside are charming spacious rooms with graceful proportions and elaborate paneling and cornices, with all the cool dignity and characteristic charm of colonial houses.

One lovely summer day, a few years ago, all the nine Cashman children went home to "Woodlands" and took with them their husbands and wives and offspring. What a family gathering that was! Thirty-eight individuals, all Cashmans, or bearing the Cashman name. All but one of the original nine married.

A big group picture was taken, with Mother and Father Cashman in the center, each holding one of the two newest babies. Then a photograph was taken of all nine—Alice, Fanny, Pauline, Elizabeth, George, Helen, Dorothea, Charles and Catherine—standing in a row, just as they stood so many years ago in Thompson's dusty studio, each with a left hand on the shoulder in front. Now, instead of the ladder effect, the nine stand almost exactly of a height. Alice and Fanny, the oldest, are still the prettiest of the girls! As a companion picture they took the in-laws, six men and two girls.

The big group is a fascinating picture. Grandpa, grandma, aunts, uncles, cousins—a huge party of close relatives such as you seldom see. It is easy for me to pick out my old friends, the original nine. They have been part of my life too long for me ever to become confused about them. But when I look down at the lower rows where the 20 grandchildren are grouped, I give up. I have their names in a list but they all belong to a different story.

I have left the loveliest picture to the end. In front of a fireplace sit two white-haired young people. And I mean *young*. They have nine children, all grown men and women, and somewhere around 20 grandchildren—I haven't received the latest census. But in their hearts they have kept young, this still beautiful woman and this handsome white-haired man. There have been tragedies, worries and illness—how could it be otherwise with such a large family?—but also there have been pride and joy and love and happiness to offset the dark hours and to keep them so youthful.

An interesting collection of photographs—but so much more than that to me. As I look at them the many memories they rouse fill my heart with grateful affection and I say, still proud of the honor of having had that baby named for me, "This is my Cashman family!"

—Constant Eater

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ALL SAINTS' GUILD TO HOLD FOOD SALE MARCH 16

Under the auspices of the Women's Guild-Auxiliary of All Saints Church, a food sale, as well as a sale of kitchen gadgets (aprons, towels, smocks, potholders, etc.) will be held Saturday, Mar. 16, in the old Bank of Carmel building. Special orders for pies, cakes and other foodstuffs can be telephoned in to Mrs. C. J. Hulsewé at 230. She is the general chairman in charge.

SCHOOL MENU

March 12-16

Monday: Vegetable soup, peach and banana salad, macaroni and cheese, string beans, ice cream.

Tuesday: Cream of mushroom soup, spiced pear and cottage cheese salad, beef stew, peas, butterscotch pudding.

Wednesday: Noodle soup, candle salad, cheese souffle, artichokes, ice cream.

Thursday: Tomato rice soup, mixed fruit gelatin salad, hot dogs, asparagus, gingerbread.

Friday: Clam chowder, cole slaw, rice pudding, spinach, ice cream.

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AGNETE JOHANSEN PLEASES WOMAN'S CLUB MEMBERS

The club room at Pine Inn was made glamorous with yellow lamps and candlelight in mid-afternoon while Agnete Johansen romped gaily over the keys of the grand piano, the light from the adjacent floor lamp falling upon her rose taffeta formal and making it something upon which the eyes could rest with a great deal of intellectual pleasure and sensuous content.

This young pianist is the former wife of Gunnar Johansen, who was perhaps the greatest player of Mozart of them all. She played Schumann, Chopin, Poulenc, Debussy, Friedman and De Falla for the Carmel Woman's Club Monday afternoon.

Her monologues were written for her by Frederick Braue, who lives in San Francisco and is said to be a novelist. Mrs. Johansen's audience clapped and chuckled and was quite delighted. I even heard, from a reputable source, that her performance gave more pure and unadulterated pleasure than that of Ruth Draper.

The tea, afterwards, was a noble affair in honor of St. Patrick.

—M. W.

+ + +

Good road extends from U.S. 99 at Goshen Junction over State Route 198 to Sequoia National Park, reports the California State Automobile Association. There are some grades and winding road, with tire chains advisable at this season. There is a $1 entrance fee to Sequoia Park, which includes the car and all occupants.

3 Sunset Pupils Win Essay Prizes

Money prizes will be handed to Pamela Dormody, Marie Elizalde and Pat Tarrant next Tuesday evening at the Legion Clubhouse on Dolores street. They are the winners in the Americanization Essays Contest sponsored by the American Legion.

Pamela's subject was "Getting Along With Myself and Others." She is a sixth grade student. Marie, an eighth-grader, wrote "Ways in Which I Can Be a Good Community Citizen." Pat, from the ninth grade, wrote "My Place in a Democracy."

All papers were so legible, so concise and so exceptionally well written that the Legion had a difficult time in making its choice. Many of the papers were typewritten. Unfortunately, the list of "runners-up" is too long to print.

+ + +

Due to work now in force on the Los Gatos-Santa Cruz Highway, near Los Gatos, there may be considerable delay to traffic, depending, of course, upon the work in progress at the time of the traffic flow, reports the San Jose office of the National Automobile Club.

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WHO

gives the most sensational—the most colossal values here in Carmel (yeah, and Monterey and Pacific Grove thrown in, too)? And who stays open from early morning till late at night? And who gives you snappy, accurate delivery service? Yezzir, none other than that store on the corner of Ocean Avenue and San Carlos—known from border to border and coast to coast

KIP'S

I Hope Members of Carmel Post, American Legion, Read This

THEN, MAYBE, THEY'LL HELP ME FIGHT THESE MODERN METHODS OF EDUCATING OUR CHILDREN

W. K. Bassett

Recently in his column, "Today and Tomorrow," syndicated by the New York *Herald Tribune*, Walter Lippmann commented on the "rather shockingly ill-mannered disrespectful, conceited, ungenerous, and spoiled" youth who appeared to predominate among the delegates to the American Youth Congress. He drew the conclusion, justifiably, I think, that they were motivated in their opinions and their discourteous manifestations of them by the voice of Moscow, the "shifting" voice of Moscow, as he termed it. As the Moscow wind blew so blew the opinions of the youth who make up the Congress in America. "In short," said Lippmann, "They are not revolutionists. They are dupes."

This is all very well, and I feel that I can agree with Lippmann, but what interests me more is his diagnosis of the ills of these youth, and what might be termed the "case history" of them. It touches on a subject that I have been making a hullabaloo about here in Carmel; the subject of modern ideas in education which are too vigorously, I believe, implanted in the teaching methods at Sunset School. Here is what Lippmann says about the "opinions" of the American Youth Congress:

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"What is serious about this is not the nature of these opinions but what has been revealed about how, as a result of recent theories of education, this new generation, or at least an articulate part of it, has learned to form its opinions. So-called progressive education is based on the notion that if you remove authority and discipline and tradition in the upbringing of young people, the unobstructed natural goodness of their hearts and minds will by spontaneous creation bring them to good ideas.

"The fact is, however, that if you remove authority and discipline and tradition, what you create is an unsatisfied need, a vacuum, which is then filled by some other tradition and by some other form of authority. Thus you emancipate the young from the alleged tyranny of their own elders, and, before you know it, they are hypnotized by an alien tyranny. You teach them to believe that their own moral and political and religious tradition is an outworn idolatrous superstition, and before you can say Jack Robinson, they are worshiping the idols set up elsewhere.

* * *

"Our generation has made many mistakes. One of its very greatest mistakes has been to misunderstand and then to break down the true relationship between youth and age. The true relationship is, so to speak, vertical—father and son, teacher and pupil, thinker and disciple, master and apprentice. In this relationship experience is transmitted to the young and vitality is renewed in the mature. We have substituted a horizontal relationship in which we segregate the young in youth movements and the aged in old-age movements, and then call it progress. As a matter of fact this segregation is most reactionary, in that it breaks the connection by which the new generation takes possession of experience and improves upon it. The segregation of the generations prevents the young from growing up, and it means that when they become old in years, they remain immature in mind and character.

"In the older, and truer, relationship between the generations, there is none of this sentimental foolery about youth as youth. To be young was glorious, no doubt, but it was not a career. To be young was to prepare for the duties and responsibilities to come, and what was respected in youths was not their immaturity but the eternal fact that a boy is going to be a man and a girl is going to be a woman.

"And I have a notion that self-respecting young people prefer to be dealt with on that assumption—on the level, so to speak—without being sentimentalized over by their elders or apologized for by *middle-aged adolescents*. And I have an even stronger suspicion that what causes modern youth to have so little respect for their elders is just this sentimentality, this being patronized, condescended to, and flattered and petted. For when they see their elders carrying on in this fashion, their elders do not seem to them properly grown up."

+ + +

Mrs. June Lucas To Be Woman's Club Speaker

April meeting for the Carmel Woman's Club has been changed to the second Monday in the month instead of the first in order not to conflict with the lecture engagements of the scheduled speaker, Mrs. June Richardson Lucas.

The Woman's Club opened its year with a discussion on world affairs by Dr. Paul Cadman last October and since then the programs have been more entertaining than intellectual. Since such a fine start was made, however, it seemed like a good idea to climax the year with something as worthwhile—hence Mrs. Lucas.

Mrs. Lucas has been lecturing every first and third Monday at the San Francisco Center of the League of Women Voters on "International I.F.F."

Final meeting of the year, which will be strictly Mrs. J. E. Abernethy's party at which anything intellectual will be temporarily thrown overboard, is to be a Mexican-Spanish tea with all members in costume and food and entertainment conforming to the spirit of those countries. It is to be a very gala affair, a wind-up of the year on the first Monday in May.

+ + +

From Bakersfield there is a choice of good roads into Death Valley, reports the California State Automobile Association. One route is via Walker Pass and Townes Pass, the other via Barstow and Baker, thence to Death Valley Junction. Oiled roads lead to various points of interest in the valley.

"Antithesis of Stagnation" Is Marjorie's Term for Carmel Art Gallery's Policy

I admire the Carmel Art Association. This month, just to prove its uncrystalized policy and the ease with which it can adapt itself to change, it has let the water colorists have the large, north gallery which was actually planned for oils, and have hung small oils in the old south room. Surely the absolute antithesis of stagnation is this consistent refusal to sit back and allow habit to grow upon them. I think it's swell. Such willingness to experiment a bit is indicative of a youthful spirit.

And the result warrants it. There are 42 pictures by 26 artists of diversified subject material and point of view. The gallery takes on a sharper, more highly-pitched quality, yet, at the same time, more intimate. It's exciting—like springtime—and what is springtime without a water color show, as I remember saying last year.

Highlight of the show is the new work of William Watts, the result of his last year's trip into Mexico and the first recent work of his I have seen. High, vibrant color; delightful delineation of types, manners, customs and architecture; exciting texture but with the underlying strength and precision of a true craftsman. Watts' work is always good. Now we can be amazed by new work which is documentary evidence of the life we know is our neighbor's below the border. Before, everything seen of his belonged to a past experience in Europe and had no direct connection with today.

Another surprise is Burton S. Boundey with his "Fire on First Avenue." This is so completely different from the bland, competent, but often sterile results of this painter's brush that I could crow with delight. His subject is one of the most difficult to handle and would have to be well done to get over. It does get over.

This month we see work of Bettina Whitman for the first time, although they are signed Eli de Vescovi. It's the same person, however. Her name is really Elizabeth de Vescovi Whitman. Her work is not disappointing.

Royden Martin is the lad who is coming right along. He's finding himself rapidly, and sees things so beautifully that I envy him.

Other artists represented are Laura Maxwell, Charlotte Morgan, George Koch, Armin Hansen, Marjory Pegram, Alberte Spratt, William Ritschel, William Hyde Irwin, Alvin Beller, William B. Faville, Leslie B. Wulff, Edith Maguire, Free Dean, Henrietta Shore, Ferdinand Burgdorff, Percy Gray, M. De Neale Morgan, D'Arcy Gaw, Margaret Levick, Celia B. Seymour, Roberta Balfour and John O'Shea.

One reason why the large gallery was given over to the water colorists is that small oils would not look well there, and the small oils were due for a showing. Here they are, up for March and April, as are both shows. There are 40 of them and outstanding is William Hyde Irwin's "Dying Tree." It's sold already, if he's willing to meet the offer. His "Before Sun-Up" is another good one. Irwin's canvases are moody and possessed of devils but have a lyric quality and a wild rhythm. He is rapidly being acknowledged as a regionalist painter of great strength, and his work is so individual that it can never be lost in the shuffle of a group show.

Respectably academic is Ferdinand Burgdorff's "Purple Lupin" with a sun-drenched mist hanging over the canyon floor and the meticulous rendering of every mote and blade and leaf telling the story of this man's intense preoccupation with all the moods of nature.

Florence Lockwood's oil of Finn Frolich is here. Florence is in no sense a modernist and works in the manner of the old masters. In other words, being of the "spittin' image" school, you'll see your old friend Finn on canvas, and if he isn't your friend yet, you'll want him to be. She does warm, human things with her subjects.

Nathalie Newking, a newcomer, shows three times. A fine, strong rhythm perpetuates itself through each of her works and we may expect much from this woman who should never suffer from obscurity.

The others whose small oils are shown include Ralph A. Coote, William P. Silva, A. Harold Knott, Edda M. Heath, Frederic Burt, Mary C. Scovel, Royden Martin, Zenos L. Potter, Ernest J. Atter, Celia B. Seymour, Thomas A. McGlynn, Myron Oliver, Edward S. Lowe, Lee Tevis, Florence Reinhold Earnist, Arthur Hill Gilbert, Burton S. Boundey, Elwood Graham and Barbara Stevenson.

—MARJORIE WARREN

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Personalities & Personals

Mrs. Clare Stearns, member of the Hansen class at the Carmel Art Institute, headed south this week. She and her husband are from Kalamazoo, Mich., and have been living on San Antonio street this winter.

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Stan Delaplane, San Francisco *Chronicle* reporter, whose energies have been absorbed recently by the Chronicle Jubilee, was at the Mission Ranch Club over the week-end lining up the story concerning the discovery of an ancient silver mine shaft on the Mission Ranch property, and the possibility of tying it in with the legend of the buried treasure of Tiburcio Vasquez, local highwayman who did business in the middle 1800's.

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Mrs. Phyllis Hayes Griffin is in Carmel for a month with her two children. Nancy, the elder of the two, who has been studying at the San Francisco School of Fine Arts, is working under Armin Hansen at the Carmel Art Institute while they are here.

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George Sullwold is the most recent addition to the faculty of the Douglas Schools. He received his master's degree from U.C.L.A.

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Conde Kennedy, the Walt Disney man, was in town Monday night.

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Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Bond were down from Westhaven, Fresno County, for the week-end, staying with Mrs. Bond's mother, Mrs. E. G. Burritt. They attended the dinner Saturday night at the Pebble Beach Racquet Club. They left Monday for San Francisco to be there a few days before returning home.

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L. E. Owens went south this week for an indefinite period. He and Mrs. Owens have been living in the Brennan house on Carmel Point this winter.

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Mrs. Vernon Goodwin is back again at her Monterey Peninsula Country Club house after about two months in Arizona.

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Mrs. Ralph Coote was the chief speaker of the day when the Monterey Woman's Democratic Club met yesterday at the historic adobe home of Mrs. M. M. Gragg in Monterey. She read an interesting paper on the "History of the Democratic Party."

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After ten weeks on Livingston Keplinger's "One Horse Ranch" at Cupertino, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keplinger are back again in Carmel and living on Casanova street.

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Three tables were arranged in the living room of Miss Celia Seymour at Twelfth and Junipero Sunday evening and her guests sat down to a dinner followed by music and the reading by Miss Seymour of an extract from "The Gate Beautiful" by John Ward Stinson, former curator of the Metropolitan Museum. Most of the guests were students of Rudolf Steiner, and Stinson's work parallels the Steiner theories on motion, color ond tone production. Demonstrating how all tones have form, Miss Seymour explained how notes, blown through a pipe against rosin, form crystals similar in construction to those of snowflakes. Her guests were Mrs. Smith Midkiff, Miss Elsa Blackman, Miss Frances Clark, Mrs. Perry Newberry, Mrs. Mary Burton, Miss Marguerita White, Miss Edith Braly, Miss Janet Prentiss, Miss Beatrice Clark, Mrs. Russell Shipley and Miss Eva Peck.

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Margaret Mather of Rome, Italy, is a guest at La Playa for a week or two. Over the week-end came Mr. and Mrs. Jan Oostermayer of San Francisco. Mrs. W. J. Miller of Omaha, Neb., who has many friends among the army set, will be at La Playa for a month.

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Miss Ann W. Cochran of New York, wintering at La Playa, entertained at luncheon at the hotel Saturday. Her guests were Mrs. John W. Dickinson and Mrs. Dickinson's sister Mrs. Guy W. Jordan, Mrs. John Jordan and Mrs. Helen Kreps of Pine Inn, Miss Ethel M. Cook, Mrs. C. Montague Irwin, Mrs. Carel J. Hulsewé, Miss Mary Crawford and Mrs. Agnes Dupuis, Mrs. George L. Wood, Mrs. Samuel Baldwin, Mrs. Leon O. Fisher and Miss Elizabeth Allcutt.

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First harbinger of the ever-welcome Heffelfinger family from Minneapolis was Frank T. Heffelfinger, father of them all, who arrived last week-end with his son, Totten, and two of his business associates, Paul Rutherford and Paige Lehman. The party of four will be at Del Monte Lodge for two weeks. Frank Heffelfinger will remain for two months. His son George and family arrive the latter part of March.

+

Members and friends of members of the Pebble Beach Racquet Club had themselves a grand time Saturday night when 48 of them arrived for a buffet supper with bridge and other card games played afterwards until the small hours. Among those who entertained were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Burk, Mrs. Frederic Calkins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Shepard, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. E. Hanke, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Riper, Mr. and Mrs. Herman S. Crossman, Major and Mrs. Warren J. Clear, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Cory, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Dormody, Frank and Betty Work, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Godwin, and two members of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club—Henry Van Dyke and his sister Catherine. Kit Whitman had a no-host party of ten.

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At Pine Inn last week-end were Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Fischer, spending a few days in Carmel before they return to Manila this week. Fischer was manager of the Philippine Building at Treasure Island.

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Mrs. Haynes Loewenhaupt of St. Louis arrived at La Playa Monday for her annual visit. She will be here a month which is hardly long enough as far as her many friends in Carmel are concerned.

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Dr. Margaret Swigart sails on the *President Cleveland* Monday for Honolulu where she will visit her brother-in-law and sister, Capt. and Mrs. W. K. Harrill, for six weeks. Capt. Harrill, formerly stationed in England, has recently been transferred to the U. S. Naval Base at Pearl Harbor.

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Mrs. M. V. B. MacAdam left for San Francisco Monday morning, driving up with Capt. Henry Gleason. She will be away a week, staying with the Adolph Morbios in Berkeley.

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Mrs. J. E. Abernethy served tea to about 75 of her friends Wednesday at her San Antonio street home. Her house, decorations and food looked very beautiful and the inimitable "Jennie" touch was all about. If we were compiling a list of charming and successful hostesses, the name of Jennie Abernethy would head it.

+

Ed and Patricia Files left Carmel Saturday morning for the south and word received Tuesday revealed the fact that they had got no further than San Luis Obispo where they are visiting Ruth Nelson. Ed is on a two weeks' vacation.

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Frances Hudgins and Helen Heavey went up to San Francisco Monday and return today.

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Dick Collins leaves today for Santa Barbara to play polo in the Jim Colt Tournament.

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Mrs. Robert Elliott (Virginia Rockwell) is the mother of a baby girl, born in Salt Lake City. The baby's name is Susan.

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Smitty (you know Smitty—he has been mixing 'em at Whitney's for the past year) has returned from a jaunt over the states, as far as Pennsylvania. He visited his family in Grand Haven, Mich., too. He was away three weeks.

+

Dick Wissmueller came down from San Francisco Monday evening, spent Tuesday saying hello to his Carmel friends and drove back to the city Wednesday morning. He's been busier than usual lately what with all the extra Lenten services at Old St. Mary's Cathedral where he is the organist, and the fact that his assistant is down with the measles makes it no easier.

+

Mrs. Abby Beecher Abbott, who lived in Carmel for 20 years, died last week at her home on Carmelo street. She was sister to the late Mrs. William P. Silva. She is survived by another sister, Mrs. Alice Monro, Princeton, N.J., and a brother, Bryant Beecher, Chicago.

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Winners at the Monday night bridge tournament at the Mission Ranch Club were Mrs. Esther Hitchcock and W. E. MacDonald. Mrs. Richard Sheehy and Mrs. Irene Conner were second, Theodore Baldwin and Paul Low third.

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The Malcolm McNaghtens of San Francisco have opened their Pebble Beach house for the approaching golf tournaments at Del Monte. Their daughter, Mrs. William A. Bullis, and a good golfer, has joined them.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Studley Myers had a houseparty recently at their Pebble Beach place and had as their guests the following San Franciscans: Misses Nini Tobin, Margaret Taylor, Lorraine Ames; Elbert Ames, Frederick Watries, William Ladd and Miguel de Braganza.

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around with her ankle taped because she pulled a ligament in mor-

Ara Haswell McFadden is going tal combat on the badminton courts Tuesday night. She's madder'n hell about it.

+

Mrs. Sidney Trevvett had three tables of bridge and served tea to a group of friends whom she wanted Mrs. Alfred S. Carpenter of Medford, Ore., to meet. Mrs. Carpenter was a guest at Colonial Terrace for two or three days last week.

+

Gerry Flint, who has been all winter at Douglas School, returned to her home in Beverly Hills this week taking her two hunters with her. She'll be back in time for the Hunter Trials at Santa Cruz and Pebble Beach.

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SFGW-240

Marian Kingsland Has Augmented Lending Library

If we had a look at Marian Kingsland's horoscope we'd no doubt be able to read about the terrific changes scheduled to take place in her life as the Ides of March approached. For instance, instead of dashing hither and yon in a station wagon filled with Welch terriers, she's down at the Game Cock from 9 o'clock until 5 o'clock seeing that people read all the right books. Instead of the familiar boots and breeches, Miss Kingsland is looking definitely feminine in something soft and not too tweedy. Our professional integrity, however, demands that we add the idea was strictly the Game Cock's and not Miss Kingsland's.

And as for Eleanor Yates, with the rental library in Marian's hands, she's enlarging her eclectic stock of leather bags, imported scarfs, lingerie and handkerchiefs, and going a trifle berserk in the hosiery department. Nellie Wall, of the quiet voice and soft brown eyes, claims she's nothing more than a floorwalker, but we think she makes the triumvirate triumphant. You will have fun in this shop.

To go on further with Marian's venture—all the swankiest slicks may be rented, and if there is a magazine or a book that your little heart has a yen for, all you do is mention it, a button is pressed—and *voila!* And as for the Welch terriers—they're decidedly still in the running. In fact, the Game Cock is now Carmel headquarters for the American Kennel Club and much of the preliminary work on the annual Del Monte Dog Show will be handled here. By the way, Dr. John C. Sharp, head of Monterey County Medical Association, has told Miss Kingsland that if we behave ourselves over here there will be no rabies quarantine this year. So, let's keep our fingers crossed.

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LEOTA TUCKER OPENING STUDIO ON MONTE VERDE

Leota Tucker, Carmel photographer, has taken the old Alden house on the southwest corner of Seventh and Monte Verde, and has set up her studio in it. It is a large, two-story structure with ample room, so that Leota and her photographic equipment may sprawl about unhampered by lack of space.

Mrs. Tucker conducts the classes at Sunset School under adult education, and changing exhibits are being currently displayed in the window of the former Stackpoole shop on Dolores street. These classes are among the most popular of the adult education program.

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TWO SECTIONS OF WOMAN'S CLUB MEET NEXT WEEK

There are two section meetings next week for Carmel Woman's Club. The bridge Section meets Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Pine Inn. The Current Events Section, with its new director, Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff in charge, meets at the same spot Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

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JEWEL BROOKSHIER NEW COMMUNITY ORGANIST

Jewel Brookshier, young pupil of David Alberto and composer of the ballet which the pupils of Ruth Austin are at present working on for May presentation, is the new organist at Carmel Community Church. Sunday will be her first day there.

OVER THE CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

Mrs. Frank Porter is becoming a tractor-widow since Frank bought himself the half-pint Shaw. She can't get him off it long enough to eat a decent meal and he's got pretty near half the countryside plowed up. He's even built a special house for it and a room to change from his plow-clothes to store clothes.

\+

The *Countess Concepcion* had Tony Lawrence running all over the hills for four days. Then he began knocking at doors asking if anyone had hidden the *Countess*. A few people had seen her but they couldn't remember just where. About the time Tony was ready to organize a posse he found her sitting on her own back porch, licking her paws and giving him those slant-eyed glances which only a Siamese-Russian can interpret. After due deliberation Tony forgave her, but it is doubtful if she has forgiven him for being to stupid as to forget that in the spring others than young men get fancy.

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Mott Hitchcock saw an ad in the city paper today for "Gone With The Wind Bedspreads" and he surmises that someone has been collecting those that blew away from the valley clothes lines during the recent storm, only he doesn't think they should be worth $4.95 now.

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There was a barbecue and rodeo last Sunday at Fred Nason's place in the Cachagua. They branded and dehorned about 40 head of calves. There was music and dancing and lots to eat after the work was done. Among those present were Alice Bousfield and her two boys, Kenneth and Wayne, Al Stopp and relatives, Ed Akins and family, Bill Stirling, Coralee and Henry Barnes, Frank Logan, Monte Logan and wife, and a lot of new-comers. Martin and Vristo Girotti furnished music with their accordions.

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Bill Wood finally got his station wagon out of the garage and took off for San Francisco Monday. He expects to be gone about a week.

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Last Sunday Rosie did the biggest day of business this year. There must have been at least ten dozen sandwiches served because Helen Wyatt says she washed ten dozen plates and at least as many coffee cups and by the end of the day she was good and ready to quit. The nice weather certainly lures people up the Carmel Valley.

\+

Connie is back again from his vacation and is king of the kitchen again at Rancho Carmelo, and a very good thing he got back, too, for while K.D. and Mrs. Mathiot are still away they had some special callers from West-town, Pa., who were mutual friends of the Mathiots and the Nowells of Arizona. They were Fannie T. Cochran and Florence L. Sacurlle, who, while motoring out from the East stopped in Arizona and were specially instructed to stop in California and visit the Mathiots. Connie did himself proud with a well-known chicken dinner and the guests were more than happy.

\+

Sparky, the Christmas colt at Mathiot's, the one we thought had hurt his leg slightly, had to be put away, because the hurt was really serious. They found the little guy had broken his leg and nothing could be done. We're missing him a lot, for in a few weeks he nuzzled his way into a lot of hearts. Maybe the new colt and calf down the road at the Lane place will make up for *Sparky's* departure. Anyway they're trying to be very sympathetic and poke their noses over the fence every time anyone stops.

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Penny Newell, Lester Newell's two-and-a-half-year- old little girl, was the center of a lot of attention, and the heroine of a near tragedy the other day. Her big brother, Michael, aged four, came into the store and said casually that his little sister had fallen in the creek. He didn't say when, though, and if Ed Martin hadn't been going by and heard the noise maybe Penny wouldn't be with us. Ed found her about two bridges farther down from where she fell in; she was caught by the chin in an oak limb, and only her little blonde head was above water. But she could howl loudly, and seems to be none the worse for wear today. It was a plenty close call, and has made all the parents pretty careful about letting the youngsters play too close to the water.

—Ellsbeth Frellson

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TIDEWATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY

CARMEL SCHOOL NEWS

Editor for The Cymbal, Avelline Quinn

Assistants
Marie Elizalde • Noreen Kelsey
Tony Van Riper • Cynthia Klein

BASKETBALL

The Carmel Junior High basketball team of which Arthur C. Hull is coach, played their last game of the season with a team of Salinas freshman at the Salinas Union School last Thursday. At the beginning of the game it was plain to see Salinas had the advantage over Carmel in more ways than one. The Salinas Frosh were taller and had far more substitutes. Once during the game the Salinas coach, Smith, changed the entire team.

Carmel looked good on set shots, had good defense and made most of the foul shots, but were weak on one hand shots.

The score at the half was 10 to 8 in favor of Salinas. It appeared that the Carmel team needed the help of Kenneth Jones, a regular member of the squad who was out with a sore foot.

Donald Haskins and Donald Staniford, "those two men about school," made some very neat follow-up shots.

The Carmel players were: Harold Albright, right forward, Russell Bohlke, left forward, Donald Staniford, center, Jackie Mayes, right guard, and Bill Christierson, left guard.

High point man for the Carmel team was Russell Bohlke with 8 points. Other points made were Donald Staniford 6, Donald Haskins 5, Harold Albright and Bill Christierson 2 each.

The game ended 32-21 in favor of the Salinas Freshmen. Salinas has won every game they have played this season. They beat their closest rival, Washington School, 40-21.

—AVELLINE QUINN

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ASSEMBLY

A student body meeting was held March 1 in the auditorium. Committee reports were given by the committee chairmen: Cynthia Klein, Red Cross; Avelline Quinn, The Carmel Cymbal; Cornelia Shuman, The Carmel Pine Cone; Pat Welsh, school paper; Jimmie Handley, corridor control; Stanley Ewig, traffic captain; Margery Street, lost and found; Phoebe Merchant, clean-up, and Suzanne Watson, health chairman.

O. W. Bardarson gave a talk about the new Carmel High School now under construction. Mr. Bardarson also discussed the possible plans for the eighth grade graduation this year.

—NOREEN KELSEY

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PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

Winners of the contest, sponsored by the Photography Club, were announced at the last Student Body Assembly on Friday by Irving Williams, president of the club. Bud Yerkes was the winner and received a photo album. His picture was of a fountain at the Golden Gate Exposition. Yvonne Welsh and Louis Levinson received honorable mention.

—MARIE ELIZALDE

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STUDYING THE SOUTH

Arthur C. Hull's eighth grade is busily engaged in a unit of work concerning the period in the South after the civil war. The class has been divided into groups of four, each working on maps or groups marking the railroads, government parks, airports and important highways of that period. Bar and line graphs showing increase and decrease of produce are also in the making.

When this project is finished the graphs and maps will be much in evidence around the room and visitors will be welcome. —MONA SAGE

THE FUSE BOX

DON BLANDING DENIES HE HAS LEFT CARMEL FLAT ON ITS BACK

Dear W.K.B.:

Listen, Bucko, I haven't shaken the dust of Carmel from my dizzy feet at all. I haven't a home in Honolulu but I go back there time and time again . . . the same for Carmel. In my faithless way I'm really a very faithful person. It's just that I haven't a possessive fibre in my body (now streamlined) and possessions irk me. That's why I was happy to turn Vagabond's House over to Bob and Helen Spencer. They'll give it the kind of living-in that a house deserves instead of the intermittent visiting that I gave it.

Having the house, living in it, revamping it, filling it with my kind of loot, was all a grand venture, but when the day arrived that if I took out another partition it would have collapsed or if I put one more bit of vagabond's foot in it it would have been Ye Olde Junke Shoppe . . . then it was a finished experience.

I'm mighty fond of Carmel, of old Pal, of the grubby post-office, even reluctantly fond of you (you first-cousin-to-a-hornet) and I'll be back many times. Whether that is a cause for rejoicing or moaning is something I won't think about. At any rate you're not rid of me yet.

Aloha to all and sundry.

Chicago. —DON BLANDING

+ + +

Mrs. Genevieve Butterfield, reader; Lily Walker, soprano, and Mrs. Allen F. Wyatt, violin, gave the program at the Musical Art Club meeting at the Van Ess-MacGowan home last Tuesday evening.

Your Dog

Make him a useful, interesting companion. Have him trained—by professional and gentle methods—for obedience, protection and companionship.

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For Further Information Please Telephone Monterey 5483

JULIEN BRYAN TONIGHT AT MONTEREY PENIN. FORUM

Julien Bryan, the last photographic correspondent to leave Warsaw, will be at Walter Colton school auditorium in Monterey at 8 o'clock tonight to show and discuss his exclusive pictures of the siege of Warsaw.

Nationally known for his many fine feature contributions to March of Time, *Look*, and *Life* magazines, Bryan is coming as the guest of the Monterey Peninsula Forum, the public.

Head of WPA Replies to High School Letters

Letters written by Carmel citizens to the WPA in Washington, D.C., urging action on the application of the Carmel School district for federal aid in the construction of the new high school plant, have received some response even if it does appear to be a form letter. We are indebted to Mrs. Wick W. Parsons for a copy of the following reply, signed by Frank A. March, Project Control Division, Federal Works Agency of the WPA:

"Dear Mrs. Parsons:

"This is in reply to your letter of February 12, 1940, urging early approval of Northern California Application 40222, which provides for improvements to the school building, grounds, and facilities, in Carmel, Monterey County.

"The application in question was received in Washington and given prompt attention. However, in the course of examining the proposal, it became necessary to request additional information from the Northern California Work Projects Administration in order to clarify certain aspects of the proposed work.

"You may be assured that, upon receipt of the requested data, the application will be accorded immediate further consideration and every effort will be made to expedite final action."

+ + +

Loa Lloyd is driving a new car, at least a new car to her. It's a 1939 Plymouth coupe complete with radio. Her friends are rather disconcerted. They never hesitated in asking to borrow the old crate, but they know better than to ask for the use of this one.

KINDLING WOOD COAL

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Off to the snow this week-end?

Your telephone will gather your party, make sure of accommodations. Telephoning is the quick, friendly, personal way of arranging things, talking them over, making everything sure. And a telephone will be near by in the ski region to carry your voice home.

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The firms in this directory are all reliable, dependable organizations, with whom you may deal with complete assurance and satisfaction of performance.

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New and distinctive lighting fixtures, especially suitable for Carmel homes. Wiring and all types of electrical work. No job is too small. Cheerful, personal service. 530 Lighthouse Avenue. Telephone Monterey 3535.

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GRIMES & RUHL

Here's Something For Better—or Much Worse

Just what to do with the following had us guessing when it sort of wafted itself into the copy basket. After reading it twice we decided there was a challenge in it somewhere; a glove thrown down at our feet; a finger-snapping; perhaps, even, a yawn. So, we came to the grave and, possibly, costly conclusion that we'd run it through the typesetting machine, lay it on the bed of the press and roll some white paper over it—just to see what might happen.

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BACK TO THE FARM

For the past couple of weeks, the little guy who wields the big stick has found drippings from a lame brain in his copy basket. And each week the wastepaper basket—located too damned conveniently by his side—has waited for these undergraduate epics.

I can't figure it out.

Last week he had a swell article, entitled, "As the Fly Crows." This was something about economics. The week before, the master had had something about two times two being five. Clever as hell, but the way he handled it in tossing it into the wastepaper basket was something like a guy that had the jerks the morning after.

I can't figure it out. It was only a month ago that I was graduated from my correspondence course in feature article writing. They said I was good, too.

I remember the advertisements describing the course—"Mary Jones made fifty bucks one Saturday afternoon writing for the pulps." And somebody else wrote the Great American novel before finishing the course.

And to think I ate canned dog food in order to pay for the course. Well, selling advertising isn't so bad after all.

To hell with all editors, including this (blanks here) boss of mine.

—R. A. B.

+ + +

Council Moves for New Trade Zone

(Continued from Page One)

all. From these two specifications you can find out how far you can go in this "liberalized" district. You can conduct there any business which is permissible in C-1 and permissible at all just so long as it doesn't become a nuisance through a prevalence of odor, dust or noise.

Four voices were raised at the council meeting against the establishment of such a zone. They were those of Mr. and Mrs. John Kenneth Turner, Keith Evans and Francis L. Lloyd, all of whom own property in the affected area. Turner expressed the view of the others when he said that the action was discriminatory against the property owners in those four blocks in that it would tend to make a "junk district" out of the section.

In further prohibiting the establishment of service stations other than in the proposed C-2, another provision of the ordinance provides that "no property fronting on Ocean avenue shall be put to a use requiring the construction of driveways or entrances adapted for motor vehicles over the sidewalk."

The new ordinance puts teeth in the law against the establishment of rooming houses and semi-hotels in the residential section. It restricts the number of paying guests permissible in private residences and makes more stringent the law permitting only private residences to be constructed in the residential zone.

It prevents the construction on one lot of more than one structure possible of use as a dwelling and clearly defines the words, "kitchen," "dwelling," "living quarters," etc.

Prior to the reading of the ordinance, a letter was read from Paul and Grace Flanders applauding the action of the council in proposing a buffer strip around the present business section, but asking that two lots, owned by the writers, be both placed either in R-1 or R-2. The council was informed that its proposed line separated the two lots as to zone designation. As the buffer strip plan has been abandoned for the present, no action was taken on the letter.

+ + +

Florence Harper, of Pine Inn, had her mother, Mrs. Teresa Harper of San Francisco, and her aunt, Mrs. William Holbein of Woodmere, L.I., visiting her for several days this week.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: 10 cents a line for one insertion. 15 cents a line for two insertions. 20 cents a line for three insertions. 25 cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, 30 cents. Count five words to the line.

1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

$2500 COTTAGE—An attractive stucco cottage tucked back in a nice garden, easy walk to post office. Ideal for couple, person living alone or anyone wanting a home and small studio. Has large livingroom, 1 bedroom, bath and kitchen with a separate studio cottage in rear. A little paint and gay curtains will make this cottage attractive and very livable. Will rent too. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue. (10)

CARMEL'S BEST BARGAINS
1—New home, 3 bedrooms, close in, $3,300.
2—Two bedroom home, short walk, cash, $2,300.
3—Good corner lot, fine trees, cash, $500. Also close in.
4—Good income property, in business zone. As it stands will bring in about 13% net.
5—The most magnificent view property now on the market; and prices are right.
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BEST BUY IN CARMEL VALLEY. Charming 3-room cottage. Well built. A-1 condition. 2-car garage. House and 1 lot priced at $2750. Cash. House and large parcel of ground $3300 Cash. Also a 5-acre piece for $2750 Cash. CARMEL INVESTMENT CO., Ocean Ave., Near P.O. Tel. 63. (10)

MISSION TRACT—Large lot 60 x 100 ft. on Santa Lucia $1550; another on Camino Real nr. S. Lucia $1550. Sun all day long, marvelous views of mountains, water and Valley. All wires underground. Water and gas there. Low monthly terms arranged to suit. FHA Loans available for new homes. Compare prices with any lots close by—$1550 is very reasonable for 60 front feet. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Ocean Ave., Or see ANY CARMEL BROKER. (10)

1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

TWO BEDROOM HOME and 4 small detached income cottages. Just off Ocean Ave. on main thorofare. Lot 80 x 100 ft. Priced for immediate sale to close an estate. Reasonable offer will be submitted. Will show substantial yield on nominal investment. CARMEL INVESTMENT CO., Ocean Ave., Near P.O. Tel. 63. (10)

PEBBLE BEACH, 1¼ acres, 5 min. from LODGE. Heavily wooded. 1250. See your broker or write P. O. Box AI, Carmel. (8)

4 GOOD RESIDENTIAL BUILDING LOTS. Walking distance. Low cash price only $325 each. CARMEL INVESTMENT CO., Ocean Ave., Near P.O. Tel. 63. (10)

SMALL COTTAGE, one and one-half blocks from beach. $3500 for quick sale. Secluded garden. Phone 194. (11)

SAN ANTONIO LOT with ocean view and beautiful cypress trees. Walking distance to town. Price $2500. CARMEL INVESTMENT CO., Ocean Ave., Near P.O. Tel. 63. (10)

4—REAL ESTATE WANTED

WANTED—Desirable lot for modest home. State price, location and area. Box 494. (9)

40—FOR RENT OR LEASE

FOUR BEDROOM home with personality, available May 1st. Owner going east. Telephone Carmel 1586 for appointment. Will lease for a year at $75 per month. (10)

5—HOUSES FOR RENT

SUNNY COTTAGE, floor furnace, instantaneous hot water heater. Tel. 1215-W. (10)

28—HELP WANTED

WANTED—Jolly person, good cook, to stay with 10-year-old boy occasionally for 2 or 3 days. Call 454. (9)

17—FOR SALE

VERY OLD SQUARE PIANO. Solid rosewood. Mother of pearl inlay above keyboard. Hand-carved legs. $500. Two solid walnut bedsteads $25 each. 419 Vine St., Paso Robles, Calif. Tel. 661. (12)

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33—ACCOUNTING

INCOME TAX RETURNS. Accounting and tax service. Payroll tax reports, monthly supervision of books and records. Emil W. Carlson, Asilomar. Tel. Monterey 4558. (10)

DOUGLAS SCHOOL HAS POPULAR BARN DANCE

The barn dance held at Douglas School last Saturday night brought guests from Stanford University and San Francisco, as well as from the Monterey Peninsula, and also the following postgraduates: Sally Warner and Eileen Cochran of Beverly Hills, and Mrs. Elizabeth Henry Smith, formerly of Stockton, now of Rochester, Minn.

The two burros, *Mazoo* and *Kazoo*, added to the interest at the dance and enjoyed the evening munching on the bale of hay which was supposed to serve as seats for the guests. After the dance the group went for a hay ride.

Sunday a tennis tournament was held.

+ + +

THE ARMY SORT OF MOVES IN ON RANCH CLUB

The United States army apparently took over the Mission Ranch Club last Sunday night and has been camping there ever since. In fact, it has been suggested that headquarters should be moved there. It would simplify matters no end.

The Sunday night buffet supper was elegant. Susie Duvall skipped merrily over the keys and voices were raised in song. These parties usually break up before midnight as the day following is a working day, and are as satisfactory a way to top off the week as any we can think of.

+ + +

The All Year Highway, State Route 140, is in good condition from Merced on U.S. 99 via Mariposa and El Portal to Yosemite Valley, reports the California State Automobile Association. The approach to Yosemite from the south is from U.S. 99 at Fresno and over State Route 41 through Coarsegold and Wawona.

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7th & Lincoln • Tel. Carmel 800
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"Home of Hospitality"
European Plan • Rates from $3

YIPEE!

have you heard about the gymkhana and rodeo that's coming to town?

Playhouse

Today Tomorrow Sunday	Film Masterpiece THE END OF A DAY A Great French Film Starring LOUIS JOUVET "Seeing this picture was a stimulating experience." Katharine Cornell
Monday 11 Tuesday 12	Ben Hecht's Comedy That Has Made a Nation Laugh NOTHING SACRED Fascinating CAROLE LOMBARD at her maddest
Wednesday 13 Thursday 14	THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER MARK TWAIN'S Immortal Story Splendidly Filmed
Starting Friday 15	Touching — Beautiful CLOISTERED The hidden lives of nuns in a Norman Convent Filmed by permission of Pope Pius XI "Strangely moving and beautiful." N. Y. Times

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Never Before
PROBABLY
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LOWEST BARGAIN PRICES IN
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Larger Lots
60 ft. 65 ft. 70 ft. Frontages
Lower Prices
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F.H.A. LOANS FOR NEW HOMES EASILY SECURED
All Utilities Available
SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER

"End of a Day" At Playhouse

"The End of a Day," now at the Playhouse, is a French importation starring Louis Jouvet. It tells the story of a group of actors who, after years of alternating success and failure, draw their lives slowly to an end at a home for aged players. Humor and pathos mingle as they try to nourish the flickering flame on memories of the past. It will be there until Sunday night.

Carole Lombard, at her funniest and maddest, comes Monday in "Nothing Sacred." This is a witty satire dealing with the stratum of cafe society which, bored with its own futility, demands crazy sensationalism in its gossip and news. The picture presents some of the funniest moments known to Filmdom.

"The Prince and the Pauper" opens Wednesday for a two-day engagement. This is Mark Twain's immortal tale of masquerade, with Errol Flynn in the part of the swashbuckling soldier of fortune who restores the young prince to his rightful place. There are few who are not familiar with the delightful story of a legendary incident at the close of the reign of Henry VIII of England and the accession of Prince Edward Tudor. In the film the historical and spectacular settings of an English coronation of the 16th century show a surprising similarity to the actual ceremony recently enacted in the England of today.

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HERON AND HIS PLAYERS TO PRODUCE IRISH PLAYS FOR P-T.A.

Herbert Heron and his Irish Players will present two short Irish plays at the March meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teacher's Association at Sunset School library Tuesday, Mar. 12, at 3 p.m. In the group will be "Kathleen Houlihan," a patriotic play by William Butler Yeats, and "The Workhouse Ward," a comedy by Lady Gregory.

The meeting is open to all friends of the school and it is hoped that a large group will be on hand. Tea afterwards, as usual.

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"WHAT A LIFE," COMEDY, IS NEXT McCARTHY PRODUCTION

"What A Life," a comedy of high school life by Clifford Goldsmith, produced by George Abbott on Broadway where it ran a year and a half, will be Chick McCarthy's next dramatic effort, slated tentatively for production at Sunset Auditorium April 5, 6 and 7.

Rozanne Sprinkle and Mitzi Eaton have the female leads; Howard Levinson the male. The cast is still incomplete but rehearsals are going forward enthusiastically.

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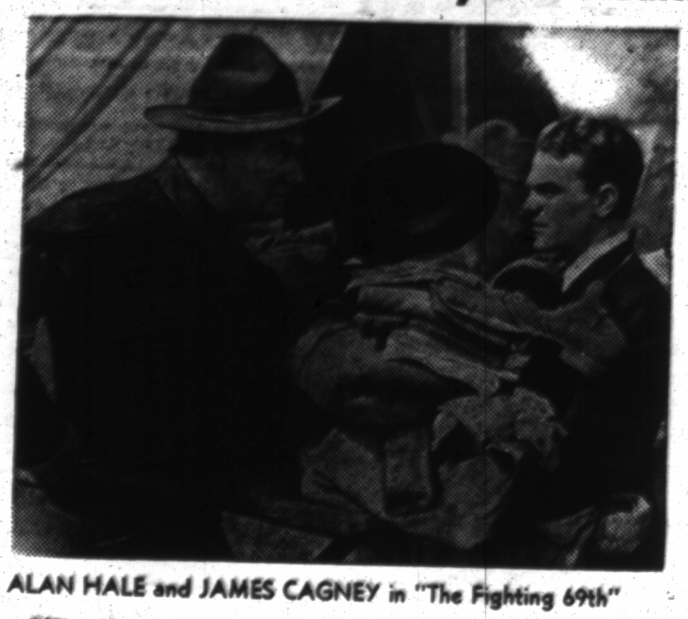
CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

HAVE DINNER at Pine Inn before Genevieve Butterfield's reading of SNOW WHITE Sat. Eve., March 9

We have made special arrangements for serving dinner parties this night.

Telephone ahead, if you please

"Housekeeper's Daughter" On Now; "Fighting 69th" Sunday at the Carmel



ALAN HALE and JAMES CAGNEY in "The Fighting 69th"

"The Housekeeper's Daughter," who did things she hadn't oughter, is at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow, with a matinee tomorrow afternoon. Gorgeous Joan Bennett has five men after her in this merry comedy. Head man is John Hubbard, newest Hollywood heart-thrill. Adolphe Menjou, William Gargan, George E. Stone, Peggy Wood and Donald Meek are in the cast, and it sounds like plenty good entertainment, as we cast our jaundiced eye over the blurb sheet.

The week-end attraction, meaning Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, is "The Fighting 69th" featuring James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and George Brent. This is the story of the old Irish Brigade, the 69th regiment of the New York National Guard, which became the 165th infantry of the Rainbow Division during the first World War. The Old 69th, with 59 silver battle rings on the staffs of its regimental flags, has a fighting record in number of separate engagements exceeded only by one other regiment in the world—the Scottish Black Watch. In this movie, Pat O'Brien plays the character of the famous priest who was chaplain of the 69th, the late Father Francis P. Duffy. The drama, larded with much brusque comedy, focuses on James Cagney as an arrogant and incorrigible recruit wha doesn't give a hoot for the traditions of the Fighting 69th during training and can't stand up to the hard codes of his own simple soldier's duties. They call it a masterpiece. Jeffrey Lynn plays the part of the soldier-poet, Joyce Kilmer. Alan Hale is a grizzled top sergeant; Frank McHugh is a killjoy.

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LA COLLECTA CLUB HEARS HISTORY OF MISSIONS

La Collecta Club met Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Howard Timbers with 17 members present and one guest, Mrs. Evelyn Janzen of Carmel. Mrs. D. E. Nixon's birthday was celebrated and Mrs. Victor Graham, who was in charge of the program, gave a history of the California Missions. The various members told of the missions they had visited.

Mrs. Clara Louise Beller will be the hostess March 20, at which time Mrs. Spencer Hoyt of Monterey will review the book, "A Country Doctor."

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Seniors at Douglas School will take their aptitude tests at Monterey Union High school March 15.

COMMUNITY CHURCH WOMEN ROUTED OUT EARLY FOR SURPRISE BREAKFAST

Inspired by a similar idea carried out by Sausalito clubwomen, Mrs. R. J. Hart, Mrs. Floyd Harber and Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, with Mrs. Victor Graham following in her stationwagon, called on about 40 members of the two women's auxiliaries of Carmel Community Church at 9 o'clock Saturday morning and "commanded" them to come immediately, just as they were, to breakfast at the home of Mrs. Morehouse, Lincoln at Third. Most of the women were in the middle of housework, complete with apron and dustmop; a few came to their doors looking sleepy but good-tempered. They all took the news well, and about 25 of them piled into the three cars. One woman was still in pajamas and dressing gown and went that way. They gave her first prize. Another arrived with her hair around her shoulders, still in the process of drying.

Mrs. Morehouse's living room was utilized because it was the largest, and because there was a patio to overflow into if the walls bulged.

Each guest was charged 25 cents and the money was used to buy new dishes for the kitchen of the rebuilt Community Church.

\+ + +

David Hagemeyer is the new student teacher up at the Tularcitos school. He is getting his rural training out here and everyone agrees that it is a fine place to get it.

Motor vehicle registration in San Francisco last year totalled 188,695, an increase of more than 6,000 over the total for 1938, reports the California State Automobile Association. The city's total for 1939 consisted of 168,256 automobiles, 14,820 trucks, 4,568 trailers and 1,051 motorcycles.

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